Hot. That Roane ſhal be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him foorth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaieſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not ſuch a deale of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith Ile know your buſines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you go.

Hot. So far a foote, I ſhall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwere me directly, vnto this queſtion that I ſhal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudie noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them current too: gods me my horſe.
What ſaiſt thou *Kate*; what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Wel, do not then: for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe Do you not loue me?
Nay, tel me if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſe back, I will ſweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me?
Whither I go: nor reaſon where about.
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you Gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no farther wiſe,
Then *Harry Percyes* wife. conſtant you are,
But yet a woman, and for ſecrecy,
No Lady cloſer, for I will beleeue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo farewill I truſt thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot.

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,
Whither I goe, thither ſhall you goe too:
To day will I ſet foorth, to morrow you:
Will this content you *Kate?*

Lady. It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and
mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where haſt been *Hal?*

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt thre
foure ſcore Hogs-heads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtrin
Humilitie. Sirra, I am ſworne Brother to a leaſh of Drawer
can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom, Dicke,*
Francis: they take it already vpon their ſaluation, that thou
be but *Prince of Wales*, yet I am the King of *Curteſie*; and tell
flatly, I am not proud *Iack*, like *Falſtalffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a
of mettall, a good Boy, (by the Lord ſo they call me) and w
I am King of *England*, I ſhall commande all the good Lad
Eaſtcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and w
you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you pla
off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter o
houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne langu
during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honour, t
thou wert not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*; to ſw
ten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sug
clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one t
neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then *Eight ſhillinges and*
pence; and, *You are welcome*, with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, a*
ſir; *ſkore a Pint of Baſtard in the Halfe moone*, or ſo. But *Ned*,
driue away time till *Falſtalffe* come, I prethee doe thou ſtand
ſome by roome, while I queſtion my punny Drawer, to wh
end he gaue me the Sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling *Franc*
that his tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: ſteppe aſi
and Ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines. Francis.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poines. Francis. *Enter Drawer.*

Fra. Anon, anon ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralf*

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